

The Times-Dispatch

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SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1903.

From June 1st the price of The Times-Dispatch, delivered by carrier within the corporate limits of Richmond and Manchester, is 12 cents per week, or 60 cents per calendar month.

Persons leaving the city for the summer should order The Times-Dispatch mailed to them. Price, 60 cents per month.

IS THERE A BOYCOTT?

We hear reports that some of the friends of the union car men now on strike are trying to add them in their content with the Passenger and Power Company by threatening to boycott any one who rides on the cars, and thus to injure their business, if they have any, and so deter them from using the cars. We trust that these reports are greatly exaggerated, and that, if such a spirit and purpose exists at all, it is very limited, and will be abandoned.

It seems to be forgotten that the very existence of the street car line is for the convenience of the public, and not for the sake of the owners of the company. The franchise was given by the city for the operation of the cars in order that the public might have a convenient and cheap means of transportation, and not that a certain number of individuals might make money. The public is only remotely concerned whether these individuals make any money or not. If one set of stockholders should lose all they have in the enterprise, another set will take it up and carry it on, so that the public at last may get its service regardless of the losses of individuals, the fundamental idea and purpose being that the public should enjoy the best service. The convenience afforded by street car lines is such that the public have become absolutely dependent upon them for their comfort and for a proper attention to business. It is a terrible hardship upon the aged and infirm to be deprived of the means of transportation for a short distance, and even to the most vigorous to have to walk miles when they are simply able to pay the five cents required for transportation. It seems almost like an absurd thing to say to a workman who is getting good wages and who lives, it may be, a long distance from his work, that he will have to get up at an unreasonable hour and exhaust himself by miles of walking to his work, and after the day's labor exhaust himself still more in returning to his home, merely to deprive the company of a few cents, which they are much better able to do without than he is to waste his energies in useless walking. It does look like biting off your nose to spite your face.

In a Western city, we think it was Indianapolis, where a similar boycott was attempted and was for a while a serious interruption to the business of the town, the citizens at large finally united in a body and stopped the whole thing, but not before a great deal of bitterness and misery had been entailed.

Besides the discomfort and unreasonableness of such methods, it is well established in law that such a boycott is entirely unlawful. We take the following from an exchange:

"Recently a case was decided in Chicago in which the boycotters were held liable for damages in warning the merchants not to patronize or sell goods to any one who was holding out against the strike. The fact that the boycott was not a corporation was held not to be material. Every man of the union, as an individual, was held liable for damages. In the union there were many men of property, accumulated by hard work, and these men will have to respond in damages for voting with the others in favor of the boycott. The result of this suit should teach men who are sueable that it is unsafe to take part in a boycott."

But, above all, the people of Richmond ought "to dwell together in unity." Whatever rights the labor unions have they are fully and justly entitled to secure by processes which are perfectly lawful and efficient. There is no occasion for going outside of the law and adopting a course which will excite animosity and bitterness between people who ought to be friends, and which imposes injury and injustice upon innocent persons who have no part whatever in the dispute between the railroad company and its car men. We know the fact that some of the best informed of the labor union people deprecate the boycott as a source of greater inconvenience and injury to the people than the railroad, and, above all, as a source of bitterness and strife which need not exist among the people of Richmond.

REGISTER.

At the session of the Democratic State and Central Committees, held here on Thursday, a resolution was passed urging all Democrats not already on the registration lists to register this fall.

There had been among outsiders some

question whether it would be well to make any great stir in this direction, but the committee decided that the right and proper thing to do was to call upon party men to put themselves promptly in position to exercise the right of suffrage. That was well. A great many whites who are unquestionably entitled to register neglected to avail themselves of the first opportunity offered them. Some did not understand that they were entitled to register, and have since found out that they were mistaken. Others were terrified, unnecessarily, by the prospect of having to stand an examination under the "understanding clause."

And so, for one reason or another, a great many good men neglected to seize the opportunity to register. All of these, and all of our new voters, will this fall have an opportunity to enroll their names among those of the citizens into whose hands the political destinies of Virginia are entrusted.

The fact that the Republicans have announced their purpose to put up candidates in every county and city where an election is to be held, thus creating the prospect of a spirited fight, makes it more than ever worth the while for the unregistered to register.

THE IOWA PLATFORM

The Iowa Democrats have turned away from dead issues and committed themselves to the living issues of the day. By a majority of 463 to 354 they refused to adopt a minority report signed by four members of the Committee on Resolutions, adding to the platform reported by the seven members constituting the majority of the committee a plan reaffirming the national Democratic platform of 1900. This means that they refuse to commit the party again to the free college of silver.

The convention also, by a majority of 625 to 199, rejected another minority report adding to the plank demanding government control of railway charges a provision that in case such control should not prove effective, the national government should acquire ownership of railroads.

The convention opposed the Aldrich bill, but insisted that "the integrity of the money of the nation be guarded with jealous care," which means, if it means anything, that every dollar put forth by the government shall be equal in value to every other dollar.

On the subject of tariff and trusts it says: "As the most alarming features of our present conditions are the evils which come from trusts, and these evils are made possible by legislation favoring one class against another, by transportation privileges and by monopoly of original sources of supply of natural products; therefore, to the end that the evils connected with the growth of trusts may be eliminated, we call for the repeal of the tariff from all trust-made goods, and demand that all tariff schedules be adjusted with a view of tariff to revenue only."

We find much in the domestic affairs of the nation that ought to be changed. The tariff policy, originally adopted for the avowed purpose of raising revenue to meet the enormous burdens of the Civil War, has been turned to the use of individual and class interests, until it has become the creator of countless unearned fortunes and the shelter of huge combinations of capital, organized in the form of trusts, which are strangling competition in many of our industries, destroying individual effort, crushing ambition largely in every line of industry, and already acquiring power which enables them to dominate in their own interests the price of labor and raw material and the cost of transportation of finished products."

Just what effect a strictly revenue tariff would have on the trusts of the country no man can safely predict. Nor can any man say with certainty that all the trusts were the creatures of tariff. But it is a fact known to everybody that the tariff has enabled many corporations to make enormous profits at the expense of the consumers at home. Everybody knows that Mr. Andrew Carnegie owes his great wealth largely to the tariff on iron, and the Carnegie properties made the United States Steel Corporation possible, and the United States Steel Corporation is to-day waxing fat on government protection. The whole principle is as wrong as it can be, and so long as Democracy is true to itself it must fight that principle and endeavor to eradicate the entire system from our political and domestic affairs. The Democratic party is on safe and solid ground when it opposes itself to the principle of protection and to all the evils growing out of it.

EUCALYPTUS FOR TUBERCULOSIS.

Medical science is now paying special attention to that dreaded and dreadful disease called tuberculosis, and at the annual session of the American Congress on Tuberculosis, held recently in New York, the new council was instructed to arrange for a Congress on Tuberculosis to be held at St. Louis in 1904.

We suppose that at this congress the leading medical experts of the world will be in attendance and will give their views and the results of the many experiments that have recently been made in the endeavors of science to stamp out the disease.

At the May meeting of the Berlin Medical Society, many of the most eminent medical scientists of Germany being present, there was presented by Dr. Danielius and Professor Sommerfeld an elaborate thesis, describing their experiments with a new system of treatment of tuberculosis by the inhalation, or rather by fumigation, with the combined fumes of eucalyptus, sulphur and charcoal. These experiments, says a Washington correspondent, have been the subject of such keen and sustained interest among the foremost medical men of Berlin for the last six months that Consul-General Frank Mason has made the discussion the subject of an important report in the State Department. This report represents that during his extensive travels in Australia Robert Schneider, a German merchant, noticed that the natives in the north-western part of Australia used a decoction made by boiling the leaves and roots of the eucalyptus tree as a remedy for consumption, which is a prevalent disease in many sections of that country. He further observed that the natives living in districts where the eucalyptus trees grew abundantly were generally immune from the disease, and that natives suffering from tuberculosis frequently came from other regions to live in the eucalyptus district, and with generally favorable results. From all that he could observe and learn by inquiry, Herr Schneider concluded that the effective remedial

agent was the eucalyptus, which is known in materia medica as a germicide and antiseptic of recognized efficiency.

With the aid of a physiological chemist he prepared a combination of flowers of sulphur, powdered charcoal and the pulverized eucalyptus leaves, impregnated with essential oil of eucalyptus. This mixture has been named "aerosol," and is the material which has been used in the recent experiments.

The new remedy was brought to Berlin in September of last year, where, after due consideration, it was taken in hand for elaborate scientific test and practical experiment. Professor Theodore Sommerfeld, of the University of Berlin, a leading authority in pulmonary disease, and Dr. Danielius, also a lung specialist, took charge of the experiments, and a special clinic, or hospital ward, was opened for that purpose in the Mohlt quarter.

Thus far, it is stated, one hundred and twenty patients have been treated, of whom more than fifty per cent. have been discharged as cured.

So often has it been announced that a cure for tuberculosis has been found, and so often has it been shown that the scientists were wrong, that the general public are more or less skeptical whenever a new discovery is announced. But science is investigating as never before, and science is making progress, and there is at least a reasonable hope that by and by tuberculosis will be as successfully treated as smallpox or diphtheria.

CENTRALIZATION.

In discussing the injunction proceeding in the case of the United States cruiser Galveston, the New York Tribune says:

"It is somewhat astonishing that at this late day a State court should even inadvertently assume indirectly to enjoin the United States government through its military officers acting under authority. Such a thing might have been expected to happen about 1850."

The fact is that the Galveston was not in possession of the officers of government, nor was it upon government property. It was on Virginia territory, and it was in possession of the Chancery Court of Richmond, and the Navy Department was about to take the vessel away in defiance of the court, and without proceeding in the manner prescribed by the Federal statutes. Accordingly, Judge Grinnam, upon petition of creditors, issued an injunction, as he had the right to do, and as it was his duty to do.

The Federal authorities were then brought to their senses, and proceeded according to law. They went into Judge Grinnam's court and filed an indemnifying bond, thus recognizing the authority of a Virginia judge, whereupon Judge Grinnam released the vessel, and the incident was closed. The law has been vindicated and the dignity and authority of the Virginia court system maintained. "Such a thing might have been expected to happen about 1850," says the Tribune, significantly. By which it means to say that conditions are now different, and so they are. The Federal government grows stronger and more arrogant every day, and State sovereignty is shrinking accordingly. We are a union of States in name only, under the Roosevelt regime; we are a Nation, with a big N. That is why some of us old fogies are not so cock-sure that it was best, even from the present point of view, that the Confederacy failed, and that the Nation triumphed. We may be wrong, but every man is entitled to his opinion.

PRESIDENT GRIGGS SHOULD EXPLAIN.

In his address to the public, issued on Thursday last, President Griggs, of Division No. 152, Street Railway Employees, said:

"Organized labor stands not for disorder, but for peace; not for violence, but persuasion; not for anarchy, but for government based upon the consent of the governed, and above and beyond all, for a fair, square and just remuneration for services rendered."

We cannot believe that Mr. Griggs means what his language implies. We cannot believe that he puts the question of wages "above and beyond" peace and order and good government. Yet his language is certainly susceptible to that interpretation, and he owes it to his own organization and to organized labor generally to explain himself.

The Times-Dispatch will cheerfully open its columns to him and print what he has to say.

The last National Democratic Convention was held at Kansas City. Where the next one will be held is a matter of conjecture. Baltimore wants it, and will appoint a committee to bring its claims to the notice of the National Democratic Committee, whose province it is to decide when and where the convention shall be held. It is considered probable that St. Louis will put in a bid for the convention. We dare say it will, and it would be able to present a strong case from a popular point of view, but we have no doubt that the attractions of the fair would seriously interfere with the attendance in the convention hall.

If Baltimore should be chosen as the convention city, it has a magnificent auditorium in the Fifth regiment armory. It is said to have a seating capacity of 20,000, and what is remarkable in such a large hall, its acoustics are good. This, we are assured, was evidenced at the Saengerfest lately held there.

At the New Haven Union Depot, as at several other such places North and West, the throwings of rice after bridal couples has been pronounced a public nuisance and is prohibited.

Thus do we see a sentimentalism forbidden in deference to the utilities of the age. The railroad companies are aware that rice thrown in volume and with force has put out the eyes of brides and bystanders, and since it cannot restrain the violence of the throwers, thinks it better to forbid the practice altogether. And so it will not incur any liability for damages, as might be the case otherwise. We guess they are right. Furthermore, it isn't fair to make the misery of newly married couples begin so soon after the wedding ceremony is ended.

The American Book Company has just published "A School History of the United States," by Philip Alexander Bruce, author of the "Plantation Negro as a Freeman," "Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," and late corresponding secretary of the Virginia Historical Society.

city—a book of 400 pages, beautifully illustrated. As yet we have been able to give Mr. Bruce's book but a glance. On another day we purpose publishing an adequate review of it. He writes from the Southern point of view, and seems to have done his work with that scholarly care, frankness and fairness characteristic of all his works.

While the book is called a "school" history, most adults would find profit in reading it. Much of its matter is fresh and all is interestingly presented. The colonial history of Virginia and the chapter explaining the position of the South in its struggle for independence are particularly interesting features.

Ira D. Sankey, the sweet singer, who was the co-laborer of Mr. Moody, is now hopelessly blind. Specialists can hold out to him no hope that he will recover his sight.

Two jolly old sports touched elbows yesterday when President Roosevelt and Sir Thomas Lipton sat down to lunch together.

The negro and the Chinaman who won first honors at Yale might get rich quick by hitting the vaudeville stage as a star pair to draw to.

The backwardness of summer is evidenced by the fact that hot mince pies is yet on the bill of fare in New York and Boston restaurants.

The cable that is following the flag about in the Pacific Ocean is expected to land at Manila on the glorious Fourth.

Rainy days fill the street cars with passengers, and to that extent aid the strike-breakers.

Borne a five million dollar blow through the Lookout Mountain is a big job for even the Southern Railway to undertake.

Congressman Sleep looks through remarkably strong lenses to see a sweeping Republican victory in Virginia next year.

The campaign is over now. Your Uncle Grover has gone to Buzzard's Bay with a whole lot of bait.

Lynchburg is getting good and ready for the prohibition crusade by voting \$200,000 for new water works.

Perhaps the sweet summer time will come some other time.

Solomon's wisdom is not altogether as reliable now as in yore ancient time.

Sir Thomas Lipton is with us once more. Here is luck to the game old sport.

There have been two slips 'twixt the cup and Sir Thomas Lipton already.

Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Suffolk Herald, referring to the moving of North Carolina distillers to this State, says:

"Virginia wants immigration, but don't want that kind of immigration, and unless we mistake the sentiment of her citizens, she is going to drive these people further north or out of business."

The Norfolk Ledger says: The appointment of Hon. Holmes Conrad, of Virginia, to assist in the prosecution of the Postoffice Department plunderers is a neat compliment to the last Democratic administration at Washington.

Here is some mud flinging from the Roanoke World:

No wonder the crowd scattered in Richmond last night when the hose was turned on them. James River water is not only muddy, but it has been laid down in Lynchburg that it is poisonous!

The Blackstone Courier says:

The State enjoining the government from removing a battleship from Richmond is the latest declaration of State Rights.

The Farmville Herald remarks:

Virginia tobacco is to have a prominent place at the St. Louis Exposition, and this is well. All Virginia is excited to front CAP here. But for a Virginian there would have been no Exposition.

DAILY FASHION HINTS

CHILD'S APRON AND CAP.

The charmingly dainty and picturesque little pinafore shown here is appropriate for small boys or girls. It is exceedingly simple to make, being in one piece, with the top reversed to form a frill, the fulness of which is regulated by a shirring run through a casing. This, of course, makes the garment easy to launder. The little pinafore may be worn on warm days in place of a dress. This little French cap is a most becoming style for "baby faces." The style develops beautifully in swiss, mull, lawn or silk.

APRON No. 4,384—Sizes for 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 years.

CAP No. 4,393—Sizes for 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

With the passing of the first blast of the hurricane the violence of the sea abated and the wind staided. Yet through that day and the following the gale held so strong that discretion could be running the vessel before it, and only in the afternoon of the second day could she be brought about to her earlier course.

But in one of God's mysterious ways nature herself had interposed, both to prevent the vicious designs of Redlaw and to bear his vessel into the track of events to follow. For that afternoon, when the sun flared through the clouds and the swollen sea began to calm, the pirate craft was farther from the Ladores than on clearing from Amoy.

CHAPTER XIV. DUPLICITY UNDONE.

"Do you wish to go on deck, Miss Somers?" The query came from Walton just before sunset. The cook, a herculean laborer, had cleared away the remnants of supper and gone back to the galley. Lady Somers, prostrated by the recent bad weather, was confined to her berth. From overboard she could hear the monotonous fall of feet, steadily pacing to and fro the quarterdeck—the feet of the pirate, Redlaw, more grim, more morose, more taciturn and impetuous, with the countenance of every day, and how, to Walton, who wondered at this change, he was becoming a mystery—and a dread. For it seemed to bode no good.

The girl addressed, half reclining on the couch, looked up at Walton, who had not risen from his chair at the table. The story of his heroism of two days before, a reminder of which was a still vivid bruise on his fair forehead, had been brought down to her. But she needed not that to know that he was brave, and a hero—and for whose sake? No need to tell her why his cheek was growing daily more thin and pale and his eyes more worry-worn, and she with what constant watchfulness, what ceaseless vigilance, what untiring patience, he was keeping guard over her in these hours of her danger. As a thousand gentle ways, when safe to do so, he had betrayed his solicitude for her; so now the signs of exhausting

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LIFE FOR LIFE

By COL. RUSHFORD THIBEAU.
Author of "Nabobs and Knaves," "Sealed Lips," "Blue Blood and Red," Etc., Etc. Copyright by Author.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

The loss of the sail forward left her head free to veer and the vessel practically at the mercy of the rising elements. Almost immediately a mountainous sea caught her athwart the stern, flinging her like an eggshell half in the trough of the waves, with the gale fair abeam. She careened under the awful violence of wind and waves until the yardarm dipped and the lee sheepskins were buried, resting only on the crest of the seething billow as it surged beneath her, then sinking into the following abyss with a lurch and plunge as sickening and long sustained, seemingly, as if her destination were the very bowels of the earth.

While the boiling waters washed waist deep between the ralls and men, half drowned, were struggling to regain their feet and hold on something stable, a cry broke from Redlaw's lips, louder even than the furious tumult of the sweeping storm.

"Hard down y'holms—hard down!" he shrieked wildly, working himself forward by the weather rail. "Get her out of the trough, or we'll go to the bottom! Loose a head sail! By G—d, another sea like that'll swamp us! Loose a head sail, I say!"

The men hesitated. It was all a fellow's life were worth to attempt breaking the jib from her stays at that moment. For, still hanging partly in the trough of the frightful billows that followed in the wake of the hurricane, the vessel's bow was buried with every plunge, the seething water breaking over the forward bulwarks and the crew made deathly forward away like straw any who dared tempt its violence.

One man only responded instantly to the pirate's vociferous command. In fact, the command was heeded by him, for he never a moment paused, whether in calm or in storm, when the safety of the women then shivering with terror in the Vulture's cabin was not uppermost in the mind of Archibald Walton.

It was for their safety that he now rose to a valor which bound them to him even closer than before, and inspired the heart of Redlaw himself with a sentiment that found expression only in the calm of after days, and in the hours of a heroism solemn because of its grandeur.

Before the command had fairly left Redlaw's lips, the voice of the Vulture was clinging to the weather main shrouds and saw the niter consternation of the crew, rang out above the fury of the storm:

"The balliards—man the jib halyards! It's for your lives, lads! Stand ready to hoist away!"

While speaking he was violently forcing himself through the wash in the waist, and making his way forward. With him to be his teeth with every lurch of the reeling vessel inviting a deluge that threatened to tear him from his hold. He gained the forward deck and the bowsprit and fell to cutting away the gaskets which stayed the reared canvas.

It was a work of brief duration, but appalling peril. As the last stay was severed the shrieking wind caught a fold of the sail and whipped out the canvas in three volumes and with a noise like thunder. Then a downward plunge of the vessel brought a surge of water that fairly swept over the worker along the shivering spar and within reach and shelter of the bulwarks.

Something like a spirit of heroism caught the gazing seamen, and a roar of swelling exultation broke from Redlaw. "Well done, Archibald! Well done!" he yelled frantically. "Haul! haul you must! Steady y'holms! Now ease a little! By G—d, the sail holds and we're making way!"

But briefly was there doubt of the result. Then of a sudden the wind filled the sail, the head of the light vessel pointed up and out of the trough, and within a moment more was again before the gale, with the perilous seas astern.

As the water left the deck Walton came aft, amid the spontaneous shouts of the relieved seamen. The deed of the moment had wiped out, for the time at least, all the antipathy of the past. Half his coat was dripping from his shoulders, and his face was trickling red from one side of his brow and ghastly white face, where a slitting line had laced and broken the skin.

But he walked with a steady step, and when he mounted the after-deck Redlaw said, smiling, with a glance at the slight wound:

"That's nothing, lad! Go below and take a long drink! For what you've just done—but that's later! Go below and get a change of clothes."

The voice of the speaker was as curt as ever, his piercing eyes as cold in their steady stare, but yet there was about the man something to which these outward signs were only given. In his glance and smile, faintly, but made no reply. No man could say that he had saved the vessel; yet there was no man among them but felt it ten to one that he had done so. Without a word he accepted Redlaw's suggestion and went below.

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physical nature were showing the fearful strain of care.

She listened for a moment to the steady fall of the feet above. She felt sure she would note any cessation of that monotonous tread and as surely evade possible discovery. She rose impulsively and came to Walton's chair, dropping to one knee beside it, and with a frank mingling of gratitude and love, she took his hand and arm across his broad chest.

"When we are alone I don't like to hear you call me—Miss Somers!" she exclaimed softly, taking up his words. "You are so grand a friend to me that I—ah, you were to call me—Emily!"

He smiled at her, starting slightly, then glanced apprehensively about; and the girl beside him raised her brows significantly toward the ceiling.

"He is there!" she said softly. "That is his walk! We learn the tread of those we fear, as well as that of those we esteem. I can tell when he is near."

"Close the deck. Surely, we are safe for the moment."

"I think so," faltered Archie; "yet the price of discovery will be so terrible."

"But I will listen all the while! I so wish to say something to you—to say it without this dreadful reserve which discretion constantly imposes! Do please let me say it to you—let me say something to you!"

"To you—yes! For to whom in all the world am I so indebted as to you? If I only could express—"

"Ah, but I beg—"

"Half smiling, yet with an infinite pathos in the lovely eyes that were bent on him, with a maidenly glow stealing over her lovely face, she said to her hand on his lips and compelled his silence.

"Let me talk and you listen!" she pleaded softly, with exquisite fondness. "I am not asking to thank you for what you are doing. Words alone would be too poor an offering to bring to the shrine of such magnificent devotion as yours. But I see it all, I appreciate it all, and I know it is for me and mine, we are carrying your life in your hand."

Walton smiled faintly, yet was thrilled through and through by her unaffected fervor.

"Dear," said he, "that you are magnifying the slight service I am both proud and happy to do you."

"No, no, I do not!" she feelingly protested, drawing closer